

Home Circle.

A BOY WHO WORKED UP.

One day many years ago a bright boy found employment in a photograph gallery in Nashville, Tenn. His wages were small, but he took good care of them, and in course of time he had saved up a snug little sum of money. One day a friend, less thrifty than he, came to him with a long face and asked for a loan of money, offering a book for security. Although the other knew there was little probability of his ever being repaid, he could not refuse the request.

"Here is the money; keep your book, and repay me when you can."

The grateful lad went away in such haste that he left the book behind. The kind youth with curiosity examined the volume. It was a work on astronomy, by Dick, and it so fascinated him that he sat up all night studying. He had never seen anything which so filled him with delight. He determined to learn all that he could about the wonders of the heavens. He began thenceforth to read everything he could obtain relating to astronomy.

The next step was to buy a small spyglass; and night after night he spent most of the hours on the roof of his house, studying the stars. He secured, second-hand, the tube of a larger spyglass, into which he fitted an eyepiece, and sent to Philadelphia for an object glass. By and by he obtained a five-inch glass, which, as you know, is an instrument of considerable size.

Meanwhile he worked faithfully in the shop of the photographer, but his nights brought him rare delight; for he never wearied of tracing out the wonders and marvels of the worlds around us. With the aid of his large spyglass he discovered two comets before they were seen by any of the professional astronomers, whose superior instruments were continually roaming the heavens in search of the celestial wanderers. This exploit, you may well suppose, made the boy famous. He was invited by the professors of Vanderbilt University to go thither and see what he could do with their six-inch telescope. In the course of the following four years he discovered six comets. He was next engaged by the Lick Observatory, in California. With the aid of that magnificent thirty-six-inch refracting telescope, the largest ever made, he discovered eight comets, and last summer astonished the world by discovering the fifth satellite of Jupiter. He invented a new method of photographing the nebulae in the milky way, and has shown an originality approaching genius in his work in star photography.

Perhaps you have already guessed the name of this famous astronomer, which is Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, and this is the story of how he worked up.—*Chicago Record.*

GOD'S THANK YOU.

A kind act is never lost, although the Cousin Jack or other person for whom we do it may not thank us. The doer always receives a reward, as this little story illustrates.

Little Jack was a four-year-old, and a great pet of mine, with yellow curls and blue eyes, and he had sweet, affectionate little ways. One day his cousin, a boy of sixteen, set Jack to work for him. He told him to pull up some weeds in the field while he finished his story. Little Jack worked away until his fingers were sore and his face was very hot.

I was working in my room when a very tired little boy came up to me. "Why, Jackie, what have you been doing?" I asked.

The tears came into his eyes, and his lips quivered and for a moment he did not speak. Then he said: "I've been kind to Cousin Jack; I worked dreffly hard for him, and he never said thank you to me."

Poor little Jackie! I felt sorry for him. It was hard lines not to have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night, when I had put him in his little cot, he said to me: "Auntie, this morning I was sorry that I pulled the weeds, but now I'm not sorry."

"How is that?" I asked. "Has Cousin Jack thanked you?"

"No, he hasn't; but inside me I have a good feeling. It always comes when I have been kind to anyone, and do you know, I've found out what it is"

"What is it darling?" I asked.

And throwing his arms around my neck, he whispered: "It's God thank you."—*Our Gospel Letter.*

THAT WISH OF YOURS.

Let me see; didn't I hear you get up in prayer meeting not long ago and say, in closing your testimony, "I want to be more faithful in the future than I have been in the past?" I thought so. Well, that is a noble desire. Paul's "This one thing I do" was very much akin to it, and I rejoice that you are so eager to grow in grace.

But hold—what was that I noticed at the close of the solemn meeting? Was it you, who, with your chum, hurried giggling out of the church, paying no attention to the strangers present, or to those new young members, in order that you might not be detained at that meeting of the social committee?

It was you, you say? Strange, when you are a member of the social committee, and were needed especially at this time, that you should interpret your longing for more faithfulness in that way. Your conduct was not exactly attuned to your testimony, was it?

Furthermore, I looked to see you take the first and necessary steps of more prayer and Bible study towards the faithfulness you craved. Yet I understand, that before retiring that night, you hurriedly opened your Bible at random, and read the first few verses that came under your eye—part of the first chapter of the Chronicles, were they not? Then, instead of a quiet, reverent communion following your Bible reading, you dropped down on one knee, and mumbled over "Our Father," all the time wondering how you should spend the following Wednesday, which was a holiday.

You blush? You ought to. I do not wonder now that week after week you continue to utter that same doleful wish for more faithfulness, and then manifest none. Your wish is—and you must pardon my brutal frankness—the wish of laziness, of idleness, of carelessness, and not the wish of a purpose-filled heart. It has wings, but no hands and feet.

You must make your desires, deeds. Then they will be believed and fulfilled.—*Forward.*

A RAILROAD MAN'S PRAYER.

An old railroad worker was converted, says the Ram's Horn, and being present at a meeting at which there were many inquirers, he was asked to lead in prayer.

He hesitated a moment, and then with trembling lips, but clear, resounding voice he said reverently: "O Lord, now that I have flagged thee, lift up my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp known as prudence, make all the couplings in the train with the strong link of thy love, and let my hand-lamp be the Bible. And, heavenly Father, keep all the switches closed that lead off on the sidings, especially those with a blind end. O Lord, if it be thy pleasure, have every semaphore block along the line show the white light of hope that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, Lord, give us the Ten Commandments for a schedule; and when I have finished the run, on schedule time, pulled into the deep, dark station of death, may thou, the Superintendent of the universe, say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; come and sign the pay roll and receive your check for eternal happiness."